



Quote



"I certainly am anti-union when a union places its own interests above and against those of the whole community . . . or when a union is a racket or an agency of the Kremlin. Everybody ought to be anti-union in such case, because if you are pro-union then, you are anti-American and anti-labor too . . . Why should anyone have to praise unions for going straight? They ought to go straight. Unless it is admitted that honest conduct by unions and unioners is so rare as to deserve special mention." — WESTBROOK PEGLER.



For those who will not be *Mentally Marooned*

WORLD WEEK

By a moderately narrow margin of 18 votes in the House, the Administration has won its battle for drastic revision of the Neutrality Act. It was one of those cases where, paradoxical as it may seem, the important thing was not so much to win this particular scrimmage as to avoid losing it. An Administration defeat on an important measure, at this critical period might readily have jeopardized much of the defense effort. And it would have been hailed as a heartening portent by those forces in organized labor which, directly or indirectly seek to sabotage national defense thru strikes. Indeed, it was dissatisfaction with what they term the President's indecisive action on the labor situation which alienated a number of Democratic Representatives who voted originally for Neutrality revision. (The measure in its original form, you will recall, passed the House with a majority well over 100). They shied away from this revised Administration measure as a means of showing their displeasure.

LABOR: By the time you read these lines, or shortly thereafter, we shall have some definite knowledge of the action President Roosevelt purposes to take in dealing with labor unrest. That the action will be decisive, there can be little doubt. The temper of Congress, and of the people, is such as to preclude dalliance. There is at issue not merely the captive mine situation, but the threatened strike of the Railroad Brotherhoods, scheduled for Dec. 7, and a great reservoir of restive labor, stirred by opportunists, and ready momentarily to break its bonds.

... — *Hitler is already conferring with his Quislings in regard to carving up European map under New Order. Look for the great "peace offensive" ere long—we think it may be scheduled for Christmas week. . . . As this war unfolds, it is fascinating to see how history repeats. Germans held just such a European conference in Summer of 1918. There was talk then, too, of the New Order.*

OUTLOOK FOR SMALL BUSINESS: Several of the regional contract distribution offices of OPM have been set up and are now beginning to function. First schedules of merchandise gov't professes willingness to buy from small sources appeared this week. How long it will take little industrialist to get actual orders remains to be seen. Meantime, Floyd Odum, charged with coordinating small industry, and Donald Nelson, of SPAB are at loggerheads. Former wants to allot small industry some raw materials to permit limited manufacture of staple merchandise during transition period. Nelson is for complete shut-off of strategic materials; will listen to no compromise. Outlook isn't any too bright for the little fellow.

Quote prophecies . . .

JAPAN: We think Saburo Kurusu, special envoy to U.S., is enough of a realist to sense that he isn't going to get far with his present mission. He is probably here just to see what can be done. However, our State Dep't is in no mood to temporize.

The Army faction now in control of Japan's destinies is comprised of stupid gangsters and hoodlums, strongly under Nazi domination. The Navy, which would have to bear the brunt of actual fighting, is more intelligent; more moderate in attitude. Nevertheless, Nazis may yet push Japan into war. A Kearney or Reuben Jones incident in the Pacific would very likely lead to immediate hostilities.

TAXES: President's message, following closely on Sec'y Morgenthau's "feeler" is strong indication that Administration intends something pretty drastic in way of a "withholding" tax. But it is question whether President can get all he wants from a skittish Congress. Representatives come up for election in 1942, and they know full well that heavy taxes are never popular. A straight 15% levy would be crippling blow to huge class that has not benefitted, and cannot hope to benefit greatly from defense spending. They are employed in industries, services, professions that cannot pay prevailing high "defense" wages. Resentment of this group is something to reckon with. We think program, if it has a chance, will have to exempt wages and salaries in lower brackets—perhaps excluding all making less than \$25 weekly.

Here's an important thing to remember: Gov't now purposes to collect federal income taxes *during the year in which earnings are made*. This means that for year 1942 you will be carrying double tax burden. You must pay tax on your 1941 income, and at same time budget for 1942 taxes, which will be payable quarterly.

RUSSIA: Answering several inquiries: We stand by our prediction of Sept. 6. Moscow will not fall this year.

... — *"Hoarding at New Peak!" Perhaps they're just prudent souls saving for first installment on next year's taxes.*

Harvard Jones

Publisher.

Quote

"He Who Never Quotes, is Never Quoted."—Charles Haddon Spurgeon

ANIMALS—Dogs

The Great Western Railway has twenty-five sheepdogs on its pay-sheets in Wales at places where sheep often break through the fences. The dogs, working without orders, find obscure openings in fences through which to shepherd the flock back. They learn to develop "line sense;" if they are caught between trains on adjacent lines they lie down until both have passed. If maintenance men, working on the line, do not heed the noise of an on-coming train the dogs bark at them and refuse to leave until the last workman is out of the way.—*The Manchester Guardian Weekly*, 10-3-41.

ARMY—Training

Trainees' Toys—Army is using toy blocks and midget trucks as part of new visualized method of direct teaching. Quartermaster trainees load and unload tiny trucks, fill warehouse, note shortages, and perform the necessary paper work, with these aids.—Condensed from *The National Tribune*, Washington, D. C., 10-30-41.

BIRDS—In Industry

Wartime increases the need for ergot, a drug which controls hemorrhage, and was formerly imported from the Balkans. Ergot is a disease or fungus growing on grain. The diseased grain is now being successfully raised on Staten Island. Just as the Commerce Department officials were writing help-wanted ads for workers to pick the fungus off the grain a pigeon flew into the warehouse and went to work. He gobbled up grain but spat out all the ergot. The ads were withheld and the grain spread out in the most convenient arrangement for pigeons. This

"May we
Quote
you on that?"

"Berlin is now the world's greatest slave market."—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, addressing International Labor Office Conference, in Washington.

" "

"We must put steel ribs into the stuff our dreams are made of."—CARLETON B. JOECKEL, University of Chicago Library School.

" "

Civilization is threatened today not so much by the proud aggressors as it is by the meek who make a virtue of their harmlessness and do nothing about the jobs that must be tackled."—GRACE LOUCKS ELLIOTT, President, YWCA's of U. S.

" "

"The defense job we have taken on is so enormous that it is going to change the pace and scope of every other job in America."—DONALD M. NELSON, SPAB Director.

" "

"As far as the present international conflict is concerned, I am completely neutral. I don't care who kills Hitler."—VIC OLIVER, British writer.

optimism proved justified. The entire job is now being done most satisfactorily.—*US Week*, 11-8-41.

BOOKS—Bible

A few months ago the agent for the Bible Society in Mukden, China, received this letter from a Chinese gentleman living in a distant Manchurian city. He wrote, "My son is going to the big city to college. He will be studying English there. Has the Bible been translated into English? If so, I would like to give him a copy in that language."—FRANCES CARR STIFLER, "You Can't Blackout the Stars," *Christian Herald*, 11-41.

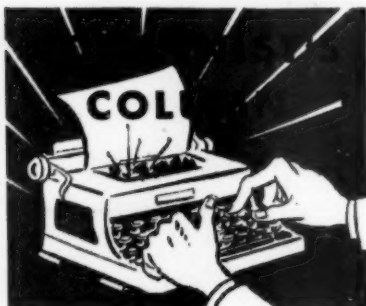
CHURCH—Attendance

The Rev. E. Paul Conine, young Presbyterian pastor at Chittenango, N. Y., has found that work in the dairy barns keeps many men away from Sunday church services. So he addressed this letter to members:

"We have never lived or worked on a farm. We know very little about farming, and less about farm animals. However, we are learning to dislike cows. They cut down church attendance. Cows have developed this undesirable trait only within the last twenty or thirty years, for previous to that they allowed their owners to attend church regularly.

We don't know what we can say to the cows, for we don't know cows well enough, but we feel that there must be something that will induce the cows of 1941 to let their owners come to church, even as their bovine ancestors allowed their owners to do thirty years ago. We think it very unfair of the cattle to demand so much more than God himself gets."—*The Pastor's Journal*, 11-41.

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Tomorrow's World

By ALVIN JOHNSON, Director, New School for Social Research

The huge private incomes with which we were familiar in the 1920's will become rare. We have entered upon an upward movement in income taxes that will be slow in stabilizing itself. When we are through with our

Many economists, industrialists, financiers hold views opposed to those of Dr. Johnson. They hold that after the economic chaos of war, our system of free enterprise will find its greatest opportunities for expansion. We have reported, shall continue to report these specialists as their views make news. America may have more immediately pressing problems, but none more potentially important than that of our economic future.—THE EDITORS.

war expenditures, we shall no doubt go in heavily for building up our two-ocean navy, for putting whole armies into the air, for creating vast tank corps and for building the latest types of guns. Our national debt will keep on mounting, and taxes will mount with it.

Nor will the modest income get off lightly. It will be a more equalitarian world that we shall face in 1945 and 1950.

It will be a world of much greater public works. Taxation and uncertainty will hold back the venturing tendencies of private capital. Employment will have to be found, and in default of sufficiently active private enterprise, the state will have to find it.

It will be a world in which the demand for highly trained men will be greater than ever before.

The money-maker faces dull times. The trained expert faces stirring times.

COMMUNISM

Many Americans do not understand that what the Communist party in Russia started out to get was not an autocratic, dictatorial state, but democracy. The most widely-based industrial and political democracy in the world was communism's aim. Only temporarily would they use ruthless repression as a means, employ violence in the killing or the exile of minorities, and suppress liberty of speech and press! Temporarily, as a means, they would take a short-cut through undemocratic methods to reach a democratic goal. And in consequence look at Russia. Violence grows by what it feeds upon. The more you suppress liberty, the more you have to suppress liberty. The more you use tyranny as a method, the more you get tyranny as a result.

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK, *Living Under Tension*, (Harper, \$1.50).

CONSCIENCE—Salving

On Thanksgiving day, 1713, the governor of Connecticut and the king's commissioners were just preparing to dine when it was announced that the bear prepared for the occasion had been "shot on ye Lord's Day." At that dismal news none would touch a morsel of the roast bear, until it was decided that the Indian who shot the animal should be whipped and made to restore the price paid for the meat. Then, having inflicted a "just and righteous sentence on ye sinful heathen," the company fell upon the roast bear with clear conscience and left nothing but the bones.—*Nuggets*, 11-41.

CRITICISM

Definition of constructive criticism: me criticizing you. Definition of destructive criticism: you criticizing me.—*The Reporter*, 9-41.

DESIRE

My mother always wanted two things—a watch and an operation. My father said she had a good clock and never was out of the home, so what did she need of a watch, and being a doctor he knew perfectly well that she did not need an operation. So these desires were repressed. I was fourteen when he fell sick and died. . . . He died Thursday. We had the funeral Saturday. Sunday it was lonely in the house with the kin all gone. So Monday, mother took me by the hand and led me downtown and bought the best lady's watch in El Dorado. In a few weeks she was planning on an operation. But when I cried and

begged her not to leave me an orphan, she sighed and gave it up, thus passing within a few weeks of glorious freedom from the tyranny of one man to that of another.—From an Editorial by WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, printed in the *Emporia Gazette* the day after his mother's death, and reprinted in *William Allen White of Emporia*, by FRANK C. CLOUGH, (Whittlesey, \$2.50).

DOCTORS—Ingratitude Towards

An old Irishman, a friend of Father's, had lumbago. I treated him. He came in ten days later and in a loud voice told Father about it . . . and said that he had been in desperate agony, that Will had given him this medicine, and now he was all right. He congratulated Father on a wonderful son. I was feeling pretty good. About an hour afterward I went downstairs to the street, and there directly in front of the building was a traveling medicine wagon, for Wizard Oil, with a ballyhoo man and a Negro to pass out samples of the oil and to take up money. On the wagon, in the seat given to patients, was my old Irishman, telling loudly that he had been to all the doctors for his rheumatism, that none could help him, but that he had used Wizard Oil and now was cured.—Told in the words of Dr. Will Mayo, in HELEN CLAPESATTLE's biography, *The Doctors Mayo*, (Univ. of Minn. Press, \$3.75).

EXPORTING

An exporter is a man who sells goods to another man overseas who does not want them; or if he does want them, has not the money to pay for them; or if he has the money, is not allowed to send it; or if he is allowed to send it, no one can tell what it will be worth when it arrives.—T. R. SPARKES, at the Dublin Rotary Club.

HUMILITY

Daniel Webster was once asked why he went Sunday after Sunday to hear a poor country minister and neglected the more brilliant preachers of Washington. He replied, "In Washington they preach to Daniel Webster the statesman, but this country parson has been preaching to Daniel Webster the sinner, and it has been helping him."—*Friends Intelligencer*.

HUNGER

No nation is great that is hungry.—HANS HAE, *A Thousand Shall Fall*, (Harcourt, Brace, \$3).

Thanksgiving

Were thanks with every gift expressed,
Each day would be Thanksgiving;
Were gratitude its very best,
Each life would be thanksgiving.
—CHAUNCEY R. PIETY.

JAPAN—Philippines

"If you intend to go to Davao" I was told "better go and see the Japanese consul."

"But Davao is Philippine territory, thus an American possession."

"In name only. Practically, it's an independent Japanese state. I know that sounds exaggerated, but I'm using only the words of our Congressman Alexander, of Minnesota, and I think he is right."

The Minnesotan was right, one hundred per cent. Travelers to Davao, even if they happen to be Americans, do notify the Japanese consul. And Davao is practically a Japanese state, although the Stars and Stripes are waving from public buildings.

The technique of flag-waving is an important chapter in the great modern science of the Fifth Column.—JOSEPH WECHSBERG, "Japan's Fifth Column in The Philippines," *Travel*, 10-41.

JOURNALISM—Campaigns

While editing a weekly newspaper, Sherwood Anderson successfully campaigned for a new park. He wrote regularly of the beauties of a non-existent park, of how citizens enjoyed picnics in it. And the readers took the hint.—A. GAYLE WALDROP, "What Editors Are Doing to Draw Readers," *Journalism Quarterly*, 9-41.

LATIN AMERICA—

German Penetration

The Germans have made great headway in their commercial penetration of Latin America because they become part of every community where they trade. There are small stores and shops set up and operated by Germans in the remotest sections of Latin America, places where people from the states would never think of settling. There are isolated spots where the natives have never seen an American—except in blood and thunder wild west and glorified gangster movies. But in all of the out-of-the-way regions, I have never found a single place where a German had not been there ahead of me.—OWEN BALDWIN, "Latin American Markets," *Scribner's Commentator*, 11-41.

THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THESE New Books

The Managerial Revolution—JAMES BURNHAM, Department of Philosophy, New York University, (John Day Co., \$2.50).

This is one of the most stimulating books of the year. You may disagree violently with what the author has to say. You may resent what you term the arrogance of his assumptions. But you cannot ignore the conclusions set forth in these pages. If you make any pretense of keeping up with your world, you should read this book, and reflect upon its message.

Briefly, Mr. Burnham's conclusion is that we are in the midst of a "social revolution"—a period of transition from one type of society to another type. Capitalism, as we have known it in the past, is about to make its exit from the modern world. Capitalists, indeed, have already lost much of their power. The system will disappear in a couple of decades, possibly in a couple of years! It is to be displaced—is actually being displaced—not by "state socialism," the theoretical classless society of the Marxists, but by a hard-headed, production-minded group whom Mr. Burnham characterizes as "the managers." "The instruments of production" says Mr. Burnham "are the seat of social domination; who controls them, in fact not in name, controls society, for they are the means whereby society lives."

The author traces, with convincing clarity, the procedure by which capital, in our time, is becoming increasingly farther removed from the actual processes of production, while "the managers" take unto themselves more authority, more control, more power. One phase of the development is to be seen in the number of "bright young men" who today seek careers in government, not as politicians in the old sense, but as managers in various agencies and bureaus. A generation ago, these men would have turned to private enterprise. "More and more, they understand that security, power, the chance to exercise their talents are not to be found in the old ways."

We incline to think of capitalism as one of the oldest of human institutions. Actually, we are reminded, we have had capitalism, in the present sense, for only a small fraction of human history. It is an outgrowth of the old feudal system, and having served its purpose, must inevitably make way for a new social system. Mr. Burnham is convinced that this new society—*Managerial society*—will have its economic base in government (state) ownership and control of the major instruments of production. "On a world scale, the transition to this

Who are "The Managers"?

"Certain individuals—the operating executives, production managers, plant superintendents, and their associates—have charge of the actual technical process of producing. It is their job to organize materials, tools, machines, plant facilities, equipment and labor. . . . They are the individuals whom I call 'the managers.'"

economic structure is well advanced. . . . "We may not like this prospect; we may most bitterly resent it. But to think that it is not the most probable is to judge history in terms of our desires and not on the evidence amply before us." The result of this new type of state ownership, as the author views it, will be "not classlessness and freedom, not even universal material well-being, but a new form of exploiting, class society—*managerial society*."

An interesting feature of this book is its dispassionate treatment of fundamental questions. The approach is scientific rather than messianic. Mr. Burnham peddles no propaganda; heads no crusade; urges no reform. He simply presents facts, and courageously explores their fullest implications.

You may not agree—many of us will not. But here, at least, is a book that will make you think.

News of the New

AVIATION: Chemical engineers have practically perfected a plastic for shatter-proof warplane windshields; will permit air-fighting at altitudes of 40,000 ft. and above.

Newly-developed parachute, apple-shaped when extended, opens more quickly, certainly, with less shock to 'chutist. Dimpled top forces air to outer edges, keeping chute stretched wide open. Cord attached to apex of dimple controls speed of descent.

New lightning-detector for airplanes indicates intensity of electricity in nearby thunderclouds. Tungsten rod protruding from nose of plane picks up electrical discharge, registers on microammeter on plane's panel board.

" "

FIRE PREVENTION: "Fag bag" is latest to prevent thoughtless lighting up of smokers. Entering U. S. forest, smoker must place cigarettes in muslin sack, pull drawstring and sign attached "fire-conscious" pledge.

" "

INDUSTRY: Ear protectors, permitting wearer to hear conversations, but eliminating 90% of extraneous industrial noises, now introduced for workers in noisy industries. Rubber plug with two sound barriers, to fit outer ear canal.

" "

MEDICINE: This week six medical institutions begin experiments on humans, employing gramicidin, powerful drug discovered in soil by Dr. Rene DuBose, Rockefeller Institute. Described as 1,000 to 100,000 times more potent than sulfanilamide. One-millionth of teaspoonful sufficient to protect mouse from 10,000 fatal doses of pneumonia germs. In tentative tests, gramicidin has cured skin diseases, ulcers, wound infections and infections inside chest. British gov't has asked to try it on war wounded. Will not be generally available until dangers and limitations are more fully determined.

" "

SCIENCE: Fascinating new process for irradiation of blood described this week to Pan-American Homeopathic Medical Congress. Blood drawn from patient into artificial vein, subjected to ultra-violet light irradiation, and returned to patient's vein in continuous process. Claim: light treatment renders toxins and viruses in blood harmless; kills or stops growth of bacteria, halting progress of such diseases as asthma, formation of boils and similar skin eruptions.

LITERATURE—In War

Despite the martial law, and the furious fighting that is going on a few miles beyond the borders of Moscow, the bookshops of this heroic city are crowded with customers demanding the works of Dickens and London. For inspiration the Russians are turning to an English and an American author, both long since dead, both representing the democracies allied with their country, both of them having written with understanding and compassion of working men and women. If Russia repels the Nazi hordes, if Moscow survives, history may record that Charles Dickens and Jack London figured somewhere in the picture.—*Saturday Review of Literature*, 11-1-41, commenting on a dispatch in the *New York Times*.

NAVY—Efficiency

A young man in the FBI, who joined the Naval Reserve in a burst of enthusiasm some years ago, was recently called to active service. Naval duty sent him to Boston, for which he formed a marked distaste, and to a job, which he considered dull and routine, having something to do with filing orders and reports from London. One day he hit on an idea that he thought would surely get him out of the navy and back among his pals in the FBI. He sent the Navy Department a scorching letter of criticism about the way things were handled in London and sat back, full of hope and guile, awaiting word of his dismissal. Word came quite promptly, in the form of a letter from the Navy Department congratulating him on his able criticism and ordering him off to London to set things aright.—*The New Republic*, 11-3-41.

NAZISM—And Religion

Nazis are breaking up many of Germany's oldest convents and monasteries. At the Birkenweder Convent in Berlin, nuns were told that they would have to give up their "unproductive existence" and go to work. Monks of the Rothenburg Monastery in Gorkitz, Silesia, were removed from their cells and loaded into trucks to be taken to an unknown destination. When they asked what it all meant, they were told: "Now you'd better get married and go to work."—*Inside Germany Reports*.

NAZISM—Gestapo

Newspaperman Jay Allen was examined by the Gestapo a few minutes after his arrest in Paris. A short fellow came into his cell, locked the

door and began firing a series of questions at him. Allen avoided all answers. The young Nazi said that the authorities knew all the ways of forcing a prisoner to answer yes, even those used by the New York police. "Don't be silly," said Allen (who is six feet tall and weighed at that time about 200 pounds) to the Nazi who was getting away in a hurry. "Any New York policeman would know better than to lock himself in a room with a guy twice his size."—B. ALSTERLUND, "Notes and Quotes," *Wilson Library Bulletin*, 10-41.

To The South Americas

By ROBERT NATHAN

Our hearts are not the same; their separate speech,
Sweet on one tongue can wry another's mouth.
We in the north have a pine taste; we reach
For homely wood. You poets of the south
Have the tall palms, the coral colored shore,
The rubied mango, soft as sleep within;
Our fruits are cool of flesh and hard of core,
They have the wine of winter in their skin.
And so our hearts. But as the trees endure
Their annual seasons, and have great delight
In freedom's air, and in the sunlight pure,
Rising from earth into the heaven's sight,
Even so we, far parted and obscure,
Seek the same God, the freedom, and the light.
—For Senor Verrissimo, who asked for a Message to the Brazilian writers, *Common Ground*, Autumn-'41.

PREJUDICE

London's air shelter newspaper, *The Swiss Cottager*, quotes these amusing but significant remarks, which were followed by a later edition in three languages warning that any such racial distaste should be reported to the authorities immediately: "Someone stopped us on the escalator the other evening and complained, 'Ninety per cent of the users of tube shelters at night are foreigners.' Later that evening, someone else observed to us, 'Ninety per cent of the foreigners in London have run off to the country and taken the best private billets.'"

RADIO—News

The latest news from Europe, but first—

Drink So and So to quench your thirst.

Berlin-Nazi artillery tonight pounds The Russian lines. Folks, try Mounds!

And now, from Moscow—

You ought to drink Bosco!

At 9 o'clock tonight in Memel Somewhere a boy is using Kreml.

Important developments in France— With every suit two pairs of pants. London-Britain's hopes began to climb—

"Aristocrat of beauty, aristocrat of time."

1 a. m.—The neighbors yell

"Turn off that radio!" Yes, War is Hell!

—IRVING SHAPIRO, in a letter to *The New Republic*, 11-3-'41.

SALESMANSHIP

If it happens to be your job to dispose of tickets to a ball game, which do you sell—a piece of colored cardboard, or Joe DiMaggio's home run hits? No one wants a ticket, but almost any red-blooded man will pay cold cash for a thrill. So what? So you sell the ball game!—HERBERT A. HEDGES.

SALESMANSHIP—

Aversion to

Sign on the front gate of a house in Edinburgh, Scotland:

"Salesmen and canvassers barred—except those with free samples."—*Kreolite News*.

SOCIETY—Obligations

Elsa Maxwell, the celebrated party-giver tells this one:

A young matron approached me. "I have a problem" she said. "I owe the Browns a dinner and I'll have to do something about it. But they're absolute bores. I never have anything to say to them, nor they to me—but I'll simply have to have them. I've been there three times."

"I have an idea" I said. "You owe them a dinner. Order a good one, wrap it up, and send it to them. After that, you can go your way serenely."

I sincerely recommend this plan to anyone who is so foolish as to consider sacrificing the pleasures of civilized life for the dull savannahs and suffocating miasmas of "social position."

Club Rendezvous

By MALVINA LINDSAY

President—We understand then, girls, that we will all be at the statue of General Prance Tuesday—promptly at 2 o'clock—to take the bus for our old cistern tour.

Mrs. Sprink — How long will the bus wait?

President — We-el I should say not more than 15 minutes.

Mrs. Doodle—Then we should make it very emphatic that anyone who gets there after 2:15 will be left behind.

Mrs. Posey—We'd better say 2:20. You know how everybody is in Washington.

Mrs. Joyner — Just a minute, Madame President! We oughtn't to tell that the bus is going to wait 15 minutes!

Mrs. McAddie—I thought it was 20 minutes.

Chorus—Sh-h-h! Don't tell it!

Mrs. Lightcap—If we say the bus is going to wait 15 minutes—I mean 20 minutes—nobody will be there a minute before 2:30. I know women.

Dr. Nannie B'Hopper—They're not a bit worse than men!

" "

President—Girls, please let's decide something.

Mrs. Jenks—Madame President! suppose we say we will start promptly at 1:45.

Chorus—That's too early.

Mrs. Doodle—Madam President, Mr. Doodle always comes home for lunch.

Mrs. Jenks—Wait, come let me finish. Suppose we say we will leave promptly at 1:45—and then hold the bus until 2.

Mrs. McAddie—But if we hold it 20 minutes that would make 2:05.

Mrs. Joyner—Well if you once say the bus is going to be held till 2 o'clock, nobody will come a minute before 2:10.

Mrs. Flytie—Oh I tell you, let's say we'll start at 1:30—and that we'll hold the bus 20 minutes, or until 10 minutes of 2. Then surely everybody will be there at least by 2.

" "

Mrs. Hazey—Madam President, does that mean you'll be left if you get there at 2:01?

President—Well, the bus is to start at 1:30.

Chorus—That's too early!

Mrs. Doodle — Yes, Mr. Doodle—

President—Well, what I mean is that the bus is supposed to start at 1:30, but we're going to hold it to 2.

Mrs. Sprink—No, come don't you remember we're going to say we will hold it until 10 minutes to 2?

Mrs. Doodle—But it really won't leave until 2.

Mrs. McAddie—But suppose somebody came at one-half minute after 2?

President—I give up!

" "

Mrs. Flint—Mme. President, I proposed that we say we'll start at 2—and not hold the bus at all.

Chorus—No! no! no!

Mrs. Flytie—I never can get anywhere right on the dot.

Chorus—Me either!

Mrs. Doodle—Everybody would be left if we didn't hold the bus a few minutes.

Mrs. Flint—Then let's say 2:15.

Mrs. Doodle—Then nobody would come before 2:30.

Mrs. Joyner—Mme. President, I have an inspiration! Let's say we'll leave at 2, then have a secret committee to decide how long the bus will be held.

Chorus—Fine! Fine!

Mrs. Hazey—But Mme. President, if we did that how on earth could we know how late we could be?

—From *Washington Post*.



WAR—Russia

Can one picture an Englishman burning down Canterbury or the Houses of Parliament? They would fight for them till they lay in ruins, yes, but to set them alight or destroy them merely to impede the enemy or deny him possession, that they would never do. And yet Kiev is just as ancient as Canterbury and holds historic treasures as dear to Russia. But the Russians have not hesitated to destroy and burn it to thwart the invader. Why? The Russian has been

primarily a nomad pioneer living with limitless and natural horizons. It is not the product of human toil and art that has impressed him, but the immensity and power of Nature. The Russian, to whom the span of human existence seems relatively so unimportant and ineffectual, values even life cheaply. Russians feel sure that even if Odessa, Moscow, and Leningrad should fall, Hitler is still moving to his doom in Russia.—From a Russian Correspondent to *The (London) Times*, Weekly Edition, 10-1-'41.

GENS FROM Yesteryear

Letter of a Self-Made Merchant
to His Son

By GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

Though chiefly known as editor of The Saturday Evening Post, for a period of years, Mr. Lorimer's place among the humorists and philosophers is indisputable. His best-known book, Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son, from which this excerpt is taken, was published in 1902, and was a popular staple on library shelves for two decades. Mr. Lorimer retired from The Post in 1937; died the same year.

Dear Pierrepont: Don't write me another of those sad, sweet, gentle sufferer letters. It's only natural that a colt should kick a trifle when he's first hitched up to the wagon and I'm always suspicious of a critter that stands too quiet under the whip. . . .

And another thing: When a fellow brags that he has a "pull," he's a liar or his employer's a fool. And when a fellow whines that he's being held down, the truth is, as a general thing, that his boss can't hold him up. He just picks a nice, soft spot, stretches out flat on his back, and yells that some heartless brute has knocked him down and is sitting on his chest. . . .

It isn't what a man knows, but what he thinks he knows that he brags about. Big talk means little knowledge. There's a vast difference between having a carload of miscellaneous facts sloshing around loose in your head and getting all mixed up in transit, and carrying the same assortment properly boxed and crated for convenient handling and immediate delivery. A ham never weighs so much as when it's half-cured. When it has soaked in all the pickle that it can, it has to sweat out most of it in the smoke-house before it is any real good; and when you've soaked up all the information you can hold, you will have to forget half of it before it will be of any real use. . . . If there's anything worse than knowing too little, it's knowing too much. . . .

I simply mention these things in a general way. A good many of them don't apply to you, no doubt, but it won't do any harm to make sure. Most men get cross-eyed when they come to size up themselves. . . . There's nothing that tells the truth to a woman like a mirror, or that lies harder to a man. . . .

Your affectionate father,
John Graham.

Good Stories YOU CAN USE . . .

An old colored farmer was asked by an evangelist what denomination he belonged to. He did not reply directly, but said: "Bress ye, sah, dah's t'ree roads leading from hyah ter town—de long road, de sho' road, and de swamp road—but when Ah goes ter town wid er load er grain dey don't say ter me, 'Uncle Calhoun, which road did you come by?' but, 'Cal, is yo' wheat good?'"—*Boston Transcript.*

Senator Josh Lee, of Oklahoma, recently attended a travel congress in Mexico City. After a few meals of *arros con pollo* and *frijoles*, he hungered for a good American steak with mushrooms. Going into a restaurant, the Senator from Oklahoma prepared to enjoy himself. But he couldn't speak Spanish and the waiter couldn't speak English.

So, Mr. Lee resorted to picture writing. He drew a picture of a cow, and beside the cow he drew two mushrooms.

"Si! Si!" said the waiter, and he darted away. Presently he came back bringing two umbrellas, and a ticket to the bull fight.

WISECRACKS of the Week

"I LAUGHED AT THIS ONE"

GEORGE ADE

A very aristocratic Englishman was visiting in Boston. One of the native Bostonians was showing him about the city and pointing out objects of interest. They were driving past Bunker Hill. The tactful American did not wish to make too pointed a reference to a conflict which might recall the fact that once we were at war with Great Britain, so he merely indicated the monument crowning the eminence and said, "Bunker Hill."

The Englishman looked first at the hill and then at the monument crowning the eminence and asked, "I say, who was Mr. Bunker and what did he do to the hill?"

The American was forced to be more explicit. He answered, "You don't understand. This is where Warren fell."

Adjusting his monocle and surveying the tall shaft from top to bottom, the Englishman remarked, "Killed him, of course?"

The well-known American conductor, Edwin McArthur, was directing one of the rehearsals of the Summer Symphony not so long ago when to his amazement one of the French horns suddenly sounded a prolonged blare during a long pause in the music. With a quick gesture McArthur immediately halted the players and strode over to the culprit with a demand for an explanation.

"Ach, Maestro," explained the horn player in some embarrassment, "it was a fly on my score—and I played him."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

"Have you been to any other doctor before you came to me?" asked the grouchy physician.

"No, sir," replied the meek patient. "I went to a druggist."

"You went to a druggist!" exclaimed the doctor. "That shows how much sense some people have! You went to a druggist. And what idiotic advice did the druggist give you?"

"He told me to come and see you."

